

PS 2698
· R2G7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 403 A

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

THE GREAT QUACKQUA;

OR

BROTHERS OF THE SHADOW.

A BURLESQUE OPERETTA.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY A. J. REQUIER

(New York)
1880.

33912

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen hundred and eighty,

By A. J. REQUIER,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

792698
R2 G7

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

PSYCHOLOGICAL QUACKQUA, and Head of the Council.

ASTRONOMICAL Qq.

GEOLOGICAL Qq.

MINERALOGICAL Qq.

PHYSIOLOGICAL Qq.

BOTANICAL Qq.

OPTICAL Qq.

CHEMICAL Qq.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL Qq.

THERAPEUTICAL Qq.

CHRONOLOGICAL Qq.

ELECTRICAL Qq.

PRISCILLA, and Eleven other School Girls.

EDWIN, and Eleven other Students.

THREE LITTLE FATHERS.

THREE LITTLE MOTHERS.

FLIPPERTY FLIP, ESQUIRE.

A Boy attending on Him.

OLD DOOR KEEPER.

PROCESSION of Students, Musicians, Messenger, etc.

THE GREAT QUACKQUA; OR, BROTHERS OF THE SHADOW.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A room in a public building, wherein twelve arm chairs are disposed in a semi-circle, the central one being much larger than the others, and having a round table in front of it, heavily draped, on which are confusedly deposited globes, maps, sextants, telescopes, barometers and other scientific appliances. On the right of each chair, and at an outward angle sufficiently oblique to enable the audience to see what is reflected in it, is a cheval-glass; that of the middle chair being larger than the rest.*

ENTER PSYCHOLOGICAL QQ., followed by eleven other Qqs., old gentlemen most whimsically attired, each blowing his own little trumpet, (a toy horn), and all wearing tall fool's-caps, whereon the following inscriptions, in conspicuous letters, severally appear, namely: "Dead Psychology," "Dead Astronomy," "Dead Geology," "Dead Physiology," "Dead Mineralogy," "Dead Botany," "Dead Optics," "Dead Chemistry," "Dead Archaeology," "Dead Therapeutics," "Dead Chronology," "Live Electricity." They march around the stage, singing in chorus:

We are the sons of the Great Quackqua,
Great Quackqua! Great Quackqua!
From the crooks of the Poles to the realms of the Shah,
Realms of the Shah! Realms of the Shah!
Tiralira-la-la!
No man can stand up who shall say us nay,
Or put his proboscis across our way;
For with book and with bell,
And a mighty ground-swell,

On his head and his heels
 And his cups and his meals,
 With terrific *éclat* !
 We shall open the seals
 And launch the anathema,
 Ha-hah !
 We shall open the seals,
 And launch the anathema !

After singing they occupy the chairs, the leader filling the central one.

PSYCHO. QQ., (*rising.*) *This speech and those following are accompanied by low melodramatic music.* Illustrious co-laborers and representatives of the Great Quackqua : In preparing for this notable assemblage of our sublime fraternity, we have not been unmindful of that precious experience which the esteemed skeleton, Coleridge, has expressed in these memorable words : "I once knew a man who was so far advanced in self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking his hat off ;" and we have accordingly provided each member of this General Council with a large looking-glass, placed in easy reach of his chair, for the greater convenience of self-adoration.

Chorus of the members, looking admiringly into the mirrors, and dancing while they sing. They resume their seats at the close.

Not a fetish on a shelf,
 But the perfect god of self,
 Each illuminated elf
 There sees ! There sees !
 Each illuminated elf
 There sees !

My heart glows, my tongue trembles, and my very small clothes coruscate, when I consider the progress we have made, the obstacles we have surmounted and the wonders we have achieved during the last half a century (*Hear, hear*). To be sure, these successes have, in some trifling particulars, such as the application of steam to the purposes of travel by land and water, the invention and operation of the electric telegraph across the continents and below the seas, and other things which it

would be tedious to enumerate, proceeded more directly and practically from persons who were *not*, strictly speaking, members of our order, and whom (gently reversing the cruelty of superstitious ages, by saving the body to burn the soul, instead of burning the body to save the soul), we—ahem!—I may say, temporarily disciplined with conservative opposition; but it must never be lost sight of, that, when a great thing was, in spite of us, finally accomplished, and there was no possibility of denying it, some one or more members of our disinterested fraternity always stepped forward to claim the credit of having known it all the time, while the Great Quackqua stretched out its benevolent arms to the successful experimenter, and generously exclaimed: “We forget all that you have suffered, and wipe out all that we have done: give us the lion’s share!”

CHORUS. And so ride without remorse
 Everybody else’s horse,
 Till it comes to be a corse
 At last! At last!
 Till it comes to be a corse
 At last!

And now the very pinnacle of our sublime isolation has been reached, and ages of conserved wisdom and correlated force result magnificently in this,—that we don’t believe in anything at all! (*Sensation, hear hear.*)

But this Paradise is suddenly threatened with signs of disturbance! There are omens in the air! Mysterious concatenations of undeveloped casualty all around! The Pope of Rome has his eye on us; the Lamas of Thibet and Tartary are uncoiling their cobra-capellos; and the Holy Patriarch of all the Russias has taken off both his homicidal slippers, and, dancing, dares us to a triangulated fight! Do ye blench, Quackquas? By my halidom, he bites the edge of my relentless books, who, in this crisis of our common fate, shall not stand square!

CHORUS. By the sempiternal hooks
 Of the devil’s fabled cooks,
 Such a threat of all his books
 Is dire! Is dire!

Such a threat of all his books
Is dire!

We must take counsel of prudence before the general smash. We have committed indiscretions in the past, which must be rectified in the future. Some of you have an insane fondness for predicting meteoric showers which never come to pass, to the scandal of Science, and the sensible diminution of the proceeds of evening lectures. The meteors must be let alone, and the showers stopped!

CHORUS. By the protoplactic Powers,
These prognosticated showers
That the Quackqua overpowers,
Must go! Must go!
These prognosticated showers
Must go!

Others—ah, you needn't try to dodge the thunderbolt!—I see that astronomical Quackqua with his head down—others, I say, write too many letters to the newspapers, *pre-tending* Science, and *in-tending* advertisement. The job's overdone! The editorial mind is off balance, and swaying like an ocean with a sinister bend. I tell you, they see it; and, if it goes on much longer, they *won't* see it. I feel the crash in my bones! It's a horrible commercial sensation. The staff of life is at stake. The very alphabet of Knowledge shivers in the wind! No free advertisement, no Quackqua!

CHORUS. There are whispers in the air,
They will charge us by the square,
Which they know it isn't fair
To do! To do!
Which they know it isn't fair
To do!

Another thing! Venus is a dangerous divinity! Nobody ever saw her decently clothed since she took it into her head to jump out of the water. She ought to go back; but she won't! Too many nightingales! Excessive sentimental evolution leads to domestic revolution! A word to the wise. No more Persians! Down with the Shah!

CHORUS. No voluptuary Shah,
 Quite as much of a papa
 As in Bourreboolegah
 They be! They be!
 As in Bourreboolegah
 They be!

And now, having unburdened my brains for the edification of the brotherhood, let us proceed to business. (*Raps with his gavel three times*). Attention, Quackquas! (*Looks at a book*). In the order of business prescribed for this extraordinary convocation, the first point is, "Resolutions and discussions touching momentous topics." Come on with your topics! (*Resumes his seat*.)

GEOLOG. QQ. (*rising*). Mighty head! As chairman of a committee appointed at the last conference of this honorable body, I desire to present a report, embodying certain fundamental propositions, in the form of a brief preamble and resolutions, on which the members of your committee are unanimously agreed. (*Reads paper*).

"Whereas, Certain pernicious ideas—relics of barbarism and instruments of priestly persecution—have, for many ages, been widely diffused among mankind, and are especially championed by adherents of what is commonly known as the Christian faith, such as a belief in some unknown and unknowable anthropomorphite Power, supposed to be revealed in a certain book or books; a farther belief in the accountability of the so-called Human Soul in an inconceivable future state; and a still farther belief, mischievously resulting from those just mentioned, that it is the highest aspiration and principal duty of man, to do unto others as he would have others do unto him, all of which is contrary to the spirit, the principles and the tendencies of Modern Science, and the mere inventions of priestcraft. Therefore, be it resolved,

First—That what the Great Quackqua doesn't know, is unknowable and not worth knowing; and, though the earth has existed for myriads of years, (a fig for Genesis!), and men, during all that time, have had language, laws, society, govern-

ment, arts, and civilization of some kind, and also, in the main, wore clothes,—yet no positive truth was ever conceived or formulated until about a century ago, when the foundations of the Great Quackqua were laid in the throes of the French Revolution, and a temple to Reason first erected. (*Hear, hear.*)

Second—That the Egyptian Pyramids have been standing too long; and tending, as they do, to unsettle men's minds, and to provoke grave professors to divers profanations and sometimes violent breaches of the public peace, ought to be pulled down as expeditiously as possible; and that there are other irritating old buildings, still crouched upon the earth, constructed, no doubt, by ingeniously tantalizing antediluvian apes, with a turn for hieroglyphics and architecture, and to amuse themselves in the intervals between crunching cocoanuts, which ought to share the same fate.

(*Sensation.*)

Third—That the great and last truth of all Modern Science and Civilization is, that the Universe is only one story high; and that the Quackquas live, and have a right to live, in the top part of it.

Fourth—That man is only a cultivated brute, whose immediate ancestor was an uncomprehended and most mysterious, but, as yet, undiscovered monkey.

Fifth—That, being so, he ought not to go back on his ancestors; but should, as a chimpanzee live, and like a gorilla die.

(*Great applause and cheers.*)

Sixth—That what is called the Golden Rule has, so far as known, never prevailed among his aforesaid ancestry of any kind; but, on the contrary, the wiser one: every monkey, first and last, entirely and under all circumstances for himself; and we are thereby authorized to infer, that the mysterious and, as yet, undiscovered animal before mentioned, invariably did the same thing.

CHORUS. There be who call us flunkeys,
 And some believe us donkeys,
 But veritable monkeys
 We be! we be!

But veritable monkeys
We be!

Lastly—That by the noble theory of evolution, universally accepted throughout the Great Quackqua, all ancient fallacies are, at length, completely exploded; and the torch of Science now gorgeously discloses, in their stead, this trinity of imperishable truths: first, that one thing can come from another thing, which is actually greater than the thing it comes from; secondly, that while the centre certainly springs from the circumference, the circumference as certainly springs out of itself; and, finally, that the first cause of all things, is a pure force.

(Great applause, and cries of "bravo.")

ELEC. QQ. *(rising)*. Mighty head! I rise to a conundrum. *(Sensation)*. If mechanical force is the force of solids, hydraulic force the force of water, ærial force the force of air, and every other force the force of *something*—what is a pure force the force of?

(Groans and movements of indignation.)

PSYC. QQ. Cousin of Buckingham, I answer you in the words of the greatest of all skeletons, Shakespeare, "Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein!"

ELEC. QQ. *(continuing)*. The answer is—nothing!

(Cries and groans.)

PSYC. QQ. If you say another word, I'll call in a medical expert!

(Great applause.)

ELEC. QQ. Who believes in a medical expert?

PSYC. QQ. All the courts, some of the juries and none of the lawyers. Messenger! *(calling out)*. [*Enter MESSENGER.*] Bring me a nice little medical expert; *(aside)* and find out how many cases he has sworn through, scientifically, before you engage him.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

ELEC. QQ. Then I withdraw the conundrum; and move to amend the resolutions, so that they shall read, at the close, as follows: "First, that all past experience and present observation triumphantly establish, that water has always risen and must always rise higher than its source; secondly, that you can pour out something from a pitcher when there is nothing to pour out in it; and finally, that a pure force is a pure humbug!"

(Great consternation and confusion, groans and cries of "put him out!")

QQS. Question! question! (*amid great confusion*).

PSYC. QQ. Is the convention ready for the question? (*cries of "yes," "yes," "question!"*) All those in favor of adopting the proposed amendment, will signify the same by saying aye! (*all the members except the Physiological QQ. answer "aye!" loudly and emphatically.*) All those against it, no!

PHYSIO. QQ. (*In a loud voice*) No!

PSYC. QQ. (*aside.*) Little joker! "Ay, is it so?"

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Bursts forth to curb the great and raise the low.

Mark where *he* stands." Richelieu, act fourth, scene first, with a slight variation. I'll bowl him down! Genius of all the party conventions, without distinction of party, sustain me while I do it. (*Aloud and drawing himself up with much dignity.*) The amendment seems to be lost—(*he pauses and looks around.*) It is lost! (*Raps three times with his gavel.*)

ELEC. QQ. I appeal from the decision of the chair.

PSYC. QQ. The distinguished member from the clouds is out of order. (*Hisses and applause.*)

PHYSIO. QQ. (*approaching ELECTRICAL QQ. in a rage and shaking his fist.*) I denounce you and defy your polarities! You're an apostate and a kickaboo!

ELEC. QQ. Oh! that the skies would open, and shed upon these Bedlamites one ray of common sense!

(*At the words "common sense" a flash of lightning, accompanied by thunder, strikes the PHYSIOLOGICAL QQ. and he falls prostrate and insensible, his hat becoming detached. The QQS. rush around him, and, after hastily examining his body, sing the following chorus*):

CHORUS. Oh! to kill a Quackqua so,
By a word without a blow,
Is an Illiad of woe
Indeed! indeed!
Is an Illiad of woe
Indeed!

They form a semi-circle around the body, with the PSYCHO-LOGICAL QQ. in the centre.

PSYC. QQ. Brothers, in burning opposition to Faith, Hope and Charity : It becomes my sad duty to deliver a funeral oration over the remains of our lamented friend. To his family and connections, (always excepting his mother-in-law), it ought to be, and, after a while, doubtless will be, a sufficient consolation to know that he has become a highly respected skeleton. For that purpose, we shall have his body dissected as expeditiously as possible. His life was short and his labors very long. From an early period of his career, he began to soar into the infinite——abyss. He went rather down than up. He was a physiologist; and, having carefully examined the human cadaver with microscopes, he found that all the nerves were tubes; and, instead of yielding to the grovelling doctrine that these tubes were not purposeless, and might contain an electrical and indestructible animal in them, he bravely contended that they were merely conductors of molecular vibrations, which vibrations constituted life. From this, he very naturally passed to a microscopic examination of broken-down steam engines; and, applying the same brilliant theory, with the sympathy of every loyal scientist, to that mechanism, he pronounced all boilers to be a superfluity and an impertinence; and was on the eve of establishing, at the time of his cruel martyrdom by the arch-enemy of all Quackquas, that the supposed generation of vapour, or application to the engine of a power different from, and entirely independent of, itself, as its sole motor, was all a mistake, because, in point of fact, the vibrations of the metallic particles or molecules of the machinery supplied, of themselves, the necessary force. He has fallen in the very crisis and culmination of this great discovery; and at a moment when, so to speak, he was waving all his flags, and trampling upon hot water, before a world gone mad on steam.

CHORUS. He could prove that all the steam
 Of the engine was a dream,
 And but came out of seam,

Just so! just so!
 And but came out of a seam,
 Just so!

PSYC. QQ. However unaccustomed to public singing, it now becomes us, on this solemn occasion, to intone a dirge.

SINGS, *he and all the QQs. applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and occasionally sobbing. The drum fills up the intervals of song with the long funeral roll.*

His sad fate we bemoan,
 And our aching eyes are wet,—
 Let the trumpet and trombone
 Tell the shrieking clarionet!
 Cut off in his young dream
 Of steam engines without any steam!

CHORUS. Cut off in his young dream
 Of steam engines without any steam!

From dirt he sprang, and back
 With the dirt he goes to mingle,—
 Let the drum-sticks give a whack
 And the sharp triangles tingle!

CHORUS. Cut off in his sweet dream
 Of steam engines without any steam!

Thus, Science mourns her dead,
 Still contemning consolations,—
 Let the hautboys march ahead
 Of the flute-drawn insufflations!

CHORUS. Cut off in his bright dream
 Of steam engines without any steam!

O, dread and bolted word!
 To us all a fatal crash,—
 Let the violin's wildest bird
 Cross the cymbal's fiery clash!

CHORUS. Cut off in Life's first dream
 Of steam engines without any steam!

THERA. QQ. Mighty Head! It is barely possible that our unfortunate brother may be only stunned; and, with your permission, I will whisper something into his loyal ear, which, by shocking the system, may restore the molecular motions.

PYSC. QQ. Try it instantly, Esculapian giant!

THERA. QQ. (*bending over the body and screaming in the ear nearest him*). The missing link is found!

PHYSI. QQ. (*sitting up*). Hah! Is he tailless?

THERA. QQ. Yes!

PHYSI. QQ. Not even a stump?

THERA. QQ. No!

PHYSI. QQ. By the final test of the microscope?

THERA. QQ. AND ALL THE OTHERS. Yes!

PHYSI. QQ. (*rising in great excitement*). Then there is something worth living for, after all! I revive. The vibrations are lively. Bring me my little model and my magnifying glasses! and I shall yet prove to the world that engines move of themselves, in themselves and by themselves; and that the separate existence of steam is a contemptible delusion. (*They hand him a toy engine and microscope*.) Now, shall I set down that unmannerly miscreant who, when I first broached this great theory, said I was not a live man, and had been dead for forty years, though I didn't know it!

PSYC. QQ. (*Picking up and tendering him his fool's-cap*). Learned brother! As the accredited representative and head of Modern Materialistic Science, let me now restore to you her peculiar crown, as to one best fitted, in every respect, to wear it. *Puts it on his head, amid applause from the QQS., and sings:*

For a royal coronation,

After this resuscitation,

CHORUS.

Let the braying of the asses,

Now reflected in the glasses,

Keep time!

Hee-haw! hee-haw!

And Folly's jingling bells,

In Lilliputian swells,

Outchime!

CHORUS. In the sight of every nation
Of a circumscribed creation,
Let the braying of the asses,
Now reflected in the glasses,
Keep time !
Hee-haw ! hee-haw !
And Folly's jingling bells,
In Lilliputian swells,
Outchime !

CHORUS. With unproved asseverations
And imperious calculations,
Let the braying of the asses,
Now reflected in the glasses,
Keep time !
Hee-haw ! hee-haw !
And Folly's jingling bells,
In Lilliputian swells,
Outchime !

CHORUS. As we crown with adulation,
Our perfected incarnation,
Let the braying of the asses,
Now reflected in the glasses,
Keep time !
Hee-haw ! hee-haw !
And Folly's jingling bells,
In Lilliputian swells,
Outchime !

PHYSI. QQ. *bows low to the QQS., and, advancing, sings :*

I am a Quackqua, alive and gay,
In a faint, fossiliferous sort of way ;
And my germ-cells glisten and ganglions glow,
Though the rascal said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

Chorus by all the QQS., each looking at himself in his mirror, and gesticulating, while singing :

Though the rascal said, we were stone dead

Over forty years ago !

As a Quackqua true, I believe in mud ;
But not in a universal flood,
Or other impossible overflow,
Though the rascal said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Though the rascal said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

But still I can see, how once an ark,
In years gone by, shot out of the Dark,
Full of live animals, as you know,
Though the rascal said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Though the rascal said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

And how the animals, taken through,
Came forth together, two and two—
The elephant tripping beside the doe,
Though the rascal said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Though the rascal said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

So, Positive Science has sweated blood,
To find that an Ark without any Flood,
Is the secret of secrets men can know,
Though the rascal said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Though the rascal said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

And you see, by this defamer's leave,
There are truths which a wise man can believe,
Though to vulgar minds as black as crow ;
Whence the rascal said, I was stone dead,
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Whence the rascal said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

How to live in houses that havn't been thatched,
And to count on chickens before they are hatched,
Are things the Great Quackqua delights to show,
Sneers the wretch who said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Sneers the wretch who said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

And now, we challenge the world's applause,
By a grand Effect devoid of Cause !
And my germ-cells glisten and ganglions glow,
Though the villian said, I was stone dead
Over forty years ago !

CHORUS. Though the villian said, we were stone dead
Over forty years ago !

Enter old DOOR-KEEPER, with great precipitation

Mighty head ! A crowd of young girls, wild as Arabs, belonging to the boarding school upstairs, are beseiging the entrance to this hall. There! you can hear them. (*Laughter and shouts of girls outside*). They have forced their way and are coming upon you !

[*Exit old DOOR-KEEPER.*]

PSYC. QQ. Hah ! The enemy and in force. " Discretion is the better part of valor ! " Get behind the glasses, and carefully conceal your little trumpets.

(*The QQS. hide back of the mirrors.*)

Enter PRISCILLA and eleven other school girls, laughing and shouting. They rush to the mirrors and admire themselves in mimic show. A MIRROR DANCE follows ; then, peeping behind and discovering the QQS., they utter startled screams and fly to one side of the stage. The QQS. emerge from their hiding places, and form themselves on the other side, so that each QQ. has a girl vis-a-vis.

QQS. (*sing together*). What girls are these?

GIRLS (*sing together*). Artless maidens! And what men, you?

QQS. (*sing together*). Childless widowers!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. What is it occasions,
Our sweet palpitations,
O! aged Adonises funny to see?

CHORUS OF QQS. How worse than traducers,
These youthful seducers,
Who come to compel us to bend them the knee!

BOTH SING. We agree!
'Tis the fault of the glasses,
That brought in the lasses,
For lasses and glasses together should be!
For lasses and glasses together should be!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. Mahomet and mountains,
Narcissus and fountains,
This new style of hats is suggesting to me!

CHORUS OF QQS. Such thrills are alarming,
The serpents are charming---
The serpents entwined on this blossoming tree!

BOTH SING. We agree!
'Tis the fault of the glasses,
That brought in the lasses,
For lasses and glasses together should be!
For lasses and glasses together should be!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. The book-worming-boosters,
We'll turn them to roosters,
Enchanted by damsels whose fancies are free!

CHORUS OF QQS. The glamour is growing,
We'll soon get to crowing,
Like white-feathered bantams that blustering flee!

BOTH SING. We agree!
'Tis the fault of the glasses,
That brought in the lasses,
For lasses and glasses together should be!
For lasses and glasses together should be!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. Come Cupid, attendant
On Venus resplendent,
Fresh-cradled in foam of a milliner's sea!

CHORUS OF QQS. The wierd fascination
Is more than cremation,
And bids me surrender, sweet sybil, to thee!
(*Each QQ. kneels to the opposite lady.*)

(*Both sing, the QQS. rising, and each taking the opposite lady's hand.*)

We agree!
'Tis the fault of the glasses,
That brought in the lasses,
For lasses and glasses together should be!
For lasses and glasses together should be!
(*They dance to the same air, while the CURTAIN falls.*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegantly furnished drawing-room in the residence of Priscilla's parents, festooned with flowers, and otherwise gorgeously draped and adorned as for a bridal occasion. A broad, arched casement, in the rear, opens upon a balcony, and discloses beyond, a boulevard running beside it, and the towered buildings and massive walls of a college and grounds adjoining, with long lines of dim street lamps in perspective. The night is dark, and the structure in gloom; but one of the windows in the second story is lighted from within. A small ornamental table is placed near the casement.*

Enter PRISCILLA, habited as a bride, and EDWIN, in party costume.

PRIS.—Well, but my dear boy, this is getting critical. We are standing on an isthmus no wider than a bonnet string.

EDW. Yes, and slippery as glass.

PRIS. Exactly: wherefore those delicate little—well, what

shall I call them?—tricks is an ugly word—let us say refinements of maidenly reserve, which are usually practised on these solemn occasions, must give way to—to plain English.

EDW. Right. But you forget that I don't know the whole story, and, son to a scientist though I am, I can't build a plan out of nothing.

PRIS. Oh! that's soon told. It's very short. First, then, when school let out at the Institute, two days ago, we girls rushed helter-skelter, upon a mad frolic, into the large hall on the ground floor of the same building, where your father and other scientists were holding a grand convention, and——

EDW. You've told me that much a hundred times!

PRIS. Don't try to be a bear when you are only a little beau. A woman must tell her own stories in her own way; and, when your mustaches are fully developed, you'll find out that the shortest way is not to interrupt her. Well—where was I?—yes! we rushed into the room, and so electrified and cajoled and sung to the old fellows, that they followed us home, and then—horrors!—having fallen desperately in love with us, they went in a hand-gallop to our parents, who, in another hand-gallop, (influenced, as they said, by motives of the purest solicitude—that is, bonds, stocks, cash, real estate, and other romantic emotions, condensed into ante-nuptial settlements)—engaged that we should, all of us, marry them, out of hand, this very evening, in this very house. So, here we are, a baker's dozen of foolish virgins, decked for the altar; the house fixed up; ministers expected sometime in the next hour; and our hearts utterly broken by donations of jewelry, and a trip to Paris, in short perspective.

EDW. But didn't you tell your father that you were engaged to me, and the rest of the girls to other students in my class?

PRIS. Of course, I did.

EDW. And what did he say to that?

PRIS. He put on a beastly expression, snapped his fingers in the air, and said, "Grasshoppers!"

EDW. Did he call me a grasshopper?

PRIS. He did, in tones of unmistakable sincerity.

EDW. And you, the dreams of our souls for three long weeks, to whom we have sent bags, and even baskets, of assorted confectionery—not to mention expensive crystallized fruit—you stood this? “Frailty, thy name”——

PRIS. Don’t quote that miserable thing! Yes, we did; but we knew that, by a marvellous concurrence of circumstances, you were the sons of the very governors to whom we were affianced in this violent and unexpected manner, and——

EDW. And, what then?

PRIS. Well, then, we thought you would have the wit and the courage not to let us be sacrificed—to the wrong men. So we notified you promptly—every one of you—on gilt-edged paper, spelling the words out of the dictionary; and if you haven’t prepared for the emergency, then—then—though bitter the cup, and intolerable the agony, we must surrender to the jewelry, unconditionally, and be borne off captive, hung with eighteen-carat chains, to the French capital!

EDW. Come to my arms, my beloved! I now see all the innocent purity of your soul.

PRIS. Yes, my own; that is very fine! But what I do not see, is the butter which is to beautify the parsnips.

EDW. It is all cut and dried, heroic woman! With your aid *they* shall, this night, give the jewelry, and *we*—shall have the girls!

PRIS. Now, Edwin, you are getting interesting. Tell me all about it, and be quick, for I am in mortal dread lest they leave the reception-room. There, don’t you hear them? (*Laughter and conversation are heard.*)

EDW. Do you see that window? (*Pointing to the lighted window in the college building.*)

PRIS. I do.

EDW. Did you ever hear of Napoleon Bonaparte?

PRIS. Oh, yes. He was an agriculturalist, wasn’t he?

EDW. Well,—of a peculiar kind. He certainly broke up a great many fields, and did some harrowing work; and, though not the first to fertilize with bones, he planted grenadier-hedges to perfection, and grew some dazzling varieties of princess-

feathers: but still, there is a common superstition that he was rather better at the sword than the pruning hook. Now, we are going to do something which this eccentric cultivator never did. We are going to shut up the enemy in his own fortifications, and carry off all the plunder in his camp!

PRIS. Go on, impassioned youth; but remember, this is no time for prancing horses or propounding conundrums.

EDW. That room (*pointing to the same window*), contains the official hats and gowns of the bridegrooms elect—who are never to be elected. It contains nothing else, except the parti-colored lanterns we used in our last festive procession. Besides these, it is occupied only by mice, dust and desolation. It has two doors, both leading into a hall, one on one side, and the other directly opposite. The gas fixture adjoins the second door. In any emergency, our venerable sires must be clad in the caps and robes of authority: therefore, in any emergency, to that room they must go; and, when they do, there may be hidden and malicious persons, who would immediately lock the door behind them, and, turning off the gas, do the same for the door in front. This done, the lions would be caged!

PRIS. But all this depends on the emergency?

EDW. Precisely. Mark my words,—there will be a riot to-night!

PRIS. Oh, you celestial fellow! Why, this is the jolliest thing in the world.

EDW. Get your parents out of the way—somehow. Keep the governors entertained in this room. A torchlight procession of students, singing a marching chorus, will pass the house in the direction of the Campus. Then, you will know the ball is about to commence. Then, presently, you will hear the first sounds of the riot; then, they will deepen; then, the alarm-bell in the tower will ring; then, they'll have to leave; then, that light will suddenly go out; and then,—you may expect us all to carry off the prizes!

PRIS. Oh! but how about the clergyman? We can't get a minister.

EDW. Yes, we can. One is already secured. Marriage is

a civil contract ; and we shall have a minister—of the law !

PRIS. They are coming, at last. (*The sound of voices and laughter is heard from persons approaching.*) Heaven speed your plans, noble boy ! I felt it on the morning when first we met in the ice-cream saloon—oh ! ever memorable luncheon—that you were Hercules himself, disguised in patent-leather boots !

EDW. (*sings*). Now they come, with hearts aglowing,

But the doors shall deftly shut !

PRIS. (*sings*). They are coming without knowing

How their combs are to be cut !

BOTH.

Rat-a-plan ! rat-a-plan !

Set the rallying taps at large,

Drums deep-rolling !

Bells far-tolling,

For the bugle sings the charge !

Tira-lira ! tira-lira !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! (*laughter from without*).

Rat-a-plan !

Tira-lira ! tira-lira !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Rat-a-plan !

EDW. (*sings*). Hands of lovers long before us,

Beckon to the Campus-ground !

PRIS. (*sings*). Which embattled shall restore us

To the lovers latest found !

BOTH.

Rat-a-plan ! rat-a-plan !

Set the rallying taps at large,

Drums deep-rolling !

Bells far-tolling,

For the bugle sings the charge !

Tira-lira ! tira-lira !

[*still nearer.*

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! (*laughter from without, and*

Rat-a-plan !

Tira-lira ! tira-lira !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Rat-a-plan !

[*Exit EDWIN.*

Enter QUACKQUAS and GIRLS; the former in burlesque evening costume, and the latter attired as brides, and with them, THREE LITTLE FATHERS and THREE LITTLE MOTHERS, (boys and girls of about fourteen years), habited as middle-aged persons, in the elegant court dress of the days of Louis XIV., with powdered hair, etc. They enter to the sound of PROMENADE MUSIC, talking and laughing.

PSYC. QQ. (to PRISCILLA.) Why, dearest one, we have missed you for a full quarter of an hour. What an age it has seemed to me! Where have you been?

PRIS. Oh! I—I have been bathing my face with cologne water.

PSYC. QQ. I look forward with unspeakable tenderness to the time, when it shall be my special and exclusive privilege, to purchase from the apothecary, and anoint your fair face with, that fragrant and refreshing distillation.

PRIS. Yes, sweet one, I can almost imagine that you are doing it now. A picture rises before me, fancy-painted! I see a cosy boudoir. I recline on a chair (upholstered with blue satin damask) languidly, you know, but gracefully. Lamp shaded. Evening wrapper on, with delicately embroidered slippers that might have shod Cinderella; while you—you have laid aside your wig, and, with brains clad in ivory, and a short, easy coat, of which the extremities, as you bend over me, shoot out at an angle of forty-five degrees, you officiate in the twofold capacity of hair-dresser and husband.

PSYC. QQ. That is charming, love—perfectly enrapturing; but it seems you have observed that I—I wear—a wig. Never mind! Wig or no wig, you are mine forever, or to be so shortly, in the bonds of the blessed estate. But—you were about singing for me, when you left the reception-room so suddenly, to —

PRIS. To get the cologne water.

PSYC. QQ. Ah! yes; the cologne water. You were about singing for me what you called a school-girl's song. Will you favor me now?

PRIS. Certainly (*sings*).

I'm a bread and butter miss
 Who never had a kiss :
 I love the pearly brooks,
 But hate the dingy books ;
 And dote upon the flowers
 And summer-scented showers,
 Which embalm the ambuscaded bowers !

The exponent of the sine
 Is not at all divine,
 Nor geography and history,
 And other kinds of mystery,
 While I have much abuse
 And barely an excuse
 For the base of the hypotheruse !

Besides, I know of spangles,
 And academic wrangles,
 Very little about mangles,
 But everything of bangles ;
 And still avoid the tangles,
 While I defy the dangles
 Of the tall isosceles triangles !

I want to be a belle,
 And something of a swell ;
 To drive a knobby team
 As sparkling as a dream ;
 But all my girlish pride
 Awakens at the side
 Of a young and lovely-looking bride !

PSYC. QQ. That's a gem ! Pure and flawless. A scintillation of innocence and miracle of unsophistication ! I seemed to see you, as you sang, starting from the ambuscaded bowers, and driving a pony-phaeton, rattlingly, over the base of the hypotheruse, through the tangles of the triangles ! I never knew before there was so much poetry in the mathematics.

And now, friends (*turning to the Qqs.*), let us formally invest our affianced brides with the circlets which symbolize imperishable love.

They form, with the girls, in two lines, having the little fathers and mothers between them, at the farther extremity, and each of the Qqs. produces, from his waistcoat pocket, a diamond ring, which he presents to his betrothed.

GIRLS. Oh ! ah ! the beauty ! how it shines ! a dream ! a star !

PRIS. (*to Psychological Qq., while putting on her ring.*) Loved one, my heart is too full to speak. You'll know better to-morrow, how much I appreciate the gift. *Then, indeed, and not till then,* will you perfectly understand me.

PSCH. QQ. I flattered myself, when I selected the trifle, it was awfully nice.

PRIS. Why, have you, too, fallen under the shadow of that baleful part of speech ? Everything, now-a-days, is awful. Men, women, balls, parties, health, life, furniture, watches, baubles, and even babies—beatifically noseless cherubs, unconsciously smiling in the crib. And thinking of it, I feel as that loyal but hesitating lunatic at the play-house, by the name of Hamlet, appears to do, when, after raging under exaggerated plumes, he tells the footlights confidentially,

“The times are out of joint. Oh ! cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !”

SHE SINGS.

O ! what poet shall tell, in mellifluous rhymes,
Of the awfulest things of these awfulest times ?
Which are awfully good and are awfully bad,
And both awfully joyful and awfully sad :
But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

All sing in chorus.

But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

Some are awfully short, and some awfully tall,
 Some are awfully large, others awfully small,
 Some are awfully fat and some awfully lean,
 Others awfully stupid and awfully keen :
 But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

All sing in chorus.

But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

We have queenly coquettes that consummately trick,
 Being awfully well, and then awfully sick ;
 Who display at the balls the most awful of dresses,
 And repay their papas with more awful caresses :
 But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

All sing in chorus.

But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

There are awfulest pictures and awfulest books,
 And awful repasts of impenitent cooks ;
 There are slim Grecian benders with awfulest backs,
 And awfulest brays of political hacks :
 But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

All sing in chorus.

But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

O ! what poet shall tell, in selectest of rhymes,
 Of the awfulest things of these awfulest times ?
 With extremes antithetical awfully twinned,
 And Society bent upon raising the wind :
 But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
 Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

All sing in chorus.

But from awful to awful, the awfulest thing,
Is a school-girl deprived of a diamond ring !

At the close of the song, the Qqs. and their partners promenade and place themselves in a half circle, with their arms around the girls, on one side of the stage, while the little fathers and mothers form a curved group on the other.

Little fathers and mothers then together sing.

They are gathered to their fathers,
And with glee !

They are gathered to their fathers,
So it be !

And we feel the time is coming,
When we shall perceive the drumming
Of babies agitated on the knee !

Girls sing.

They are gathered to their fathers,
And with glee !

They are gathered to their fathers,
So it be !

All sing.

They are gathered to their fathers,
They are gathered to their fathers,
They are gathered to their fathers,
Let it be !

Girls sing.

They are jolly little fathers ;
All the three !

And most anxious little mothers,
As they be !

And their hopes shall not miscarry,
For we all intend to marry,

The first convenient chance that we can see!

Little fathers and mothers sing.

They are jolly little fathers,
All the three!
And most anxious little mothers,
As they be!

All sing.

They are jolly little fathers,
They are jolly little fathers,
And most anxious little mothers,
As can be!

*After the chorus, they dance a PARLOR QUADRILLE to the same air
In the midst of this dance, the distant sound of a students' marching
chorus, accompanied by a full band, is heard, and the
Qqs abruptly stop, interrupting the dance, and evincing con-
sternation and dismay.*

PRIS. (to Psychological Qq.) Why are you so agitated, dear?

PSYC. (with great excitement). That chorus!

PRIS. Why, it seems to affect you like the bite of a tarantula.
It is nothing but a students' marching chorus.

PSYC. Nothing but a students' marching chorus! What do
you know about choruses? It's a complicated subject and
requires a profound knowledge of boys! Of all the morbid
appetites of man, a students' chorus is the worst. It generally
begins with champagne and always ends in a row.

PRIS. Calm yourself, my sweet lamb (*affectedly soothing and
caressing him*). It shall not have its poor little scientific head
troubled by that horrid thing. There—there!

*The sound of footsteps and singing gradually approaches nearer, so
that the words of the singers become distinguishable.*

PSYC. Qq. Hah! I knew it. They are singing that dark and
bloody tragedy in the Greek alphabet. It never fails. There's
a riot in the air; and this night, too, of all nights in the year.

Oh! if I only had the vagabonds in my clutches, I'd make them eat every word of that hideous song. We have stood it long enough. It must be indicted for arson, burglary, homicide, rebellion and treason, for it leads directly to them all.

PRIS. In the meantime, my dear, *we* only see students, and hear a song; and are, therefore, going to look at the procession. There, girls (*going towards the arched casement and speaking to her companions*), you can see them turning the corner. They are coming towards the house; a torchlight procession of lads in boating costume.

The girls join her and group themselves gracefully near the window.

GIRLS (*excitedly*). Oh! how nice! splendid! jolly! why, it must be intended for us.

The Qqs. huddle themselves gloomily together, forming a group nearly opposite, but nearer the audience, and whisper to, and gesticulate at, one another, greatly incensed. The students, headed by a band of music, pass the window in boating costume and bearing torches, singing, as they march, the following song in full chorus.

It was Alpha and Omega came together,
 One night in the middle of the snow,
 And this Alpha who had found a little feather
 Which he to that Omega wouldn't show:
 So Omega, waxing wild as a Circassian,
 Gave forth three execratiating crows,
 Whereat Alpha, in ungovernable passion,
 Yelled back with a clipper on his nose!
 Yelled back with a clipper,
 Yelled back with a clipper,
 Yelled back with a clipper on his nose!

It was Pi, a most insinuating fellow,
 Though crusty, as everybody knows,
 And, beside, become bewilderingly mellow,
 Gave three more exasperated crows:

Whereon, Kappa, Gamma, Delta unto Zeta,
 Rash words most infuriating said ;
 And Epsilon a beating got from Beta,
 And Lambda a lamming on the head !
 And Lambda a lamming,
 And Lambda a lamming,
 And Lambda a lamming on the head !

But Iota overdip into the crystal
 Of roistering shops around the road,
 Drew a dapper and depopulating pistol,
 And remorselessly fired off his load ;
 Whence Omicron, Rho and Chi came curling at him,
 Like cats, caterwaulingly, and how
 Bearded Upsilon and Theta counterbat him,
 Which brings on a universal row !
 Which brings on a uni-
 Which brings on a uni-
 Which brings on a universal row !

So it chanced that when the judgment of their betters
 Was passed on this academic gale,
 That young Alpha took the head of all the letters,
 And Omega was degraded to the tail ;
 And the frowning old professors in their study,
 Stand squared and belligerently set,
 When but mention it is made, however muddy,
 Of blood in the Grecian Alphabet !
 Of blood in the Grecian,
 Of blood in the Grecian,
 Of blood in the Grecian Alphabet !

The procession having passed, the sound of the music gradually diminishes, and is finally lost in the distance. PRISCILLA and the other girls leave the window, and approach the Qqs., trying to pacify them in dumb show.

PRIS. (to PSYCHOLOGICAL Qq.) Now, sunbeam, didn't I tell you so? What reason was there for your making all that fuss over a little innocent recreation?

PySC. QQ. Innocent recreation ! I tell you that chorus is as full of stratagems and spoils as a charnel-house of horrors (*a yell in the distance*). There—there it goes !

Another yell, followed by the noise of rioting, is heard. The QQs. rush to the arched window and look out, while the girls, going towards it, group themselves separately, and seem to be delighted, in dumb show, behind the backs of the QQs., at something PRISCILLA communicates in whispers.

PySC. QQ. (*still looking out of the window*). There they are in the Campus, rushing towards the entrance of the main building. Julius Cæsar, what a row ! (*The noise increases, and an alarm bell in the College begins to toll.*) Quackquas, the time for action has come ! We must don the mortar-caps and robes of authority, that we may pestle them into paste and grind them into powder. (*Pointing to the lighted window in the College, building*). The gown-room is lit. We must take the back-stairs and get there before them, hastening slowly, according to our great maxim. Form into line behind me, and to steady your nerves, before swooping down like falcons on their quarry, fling your war-song to the winds !

They march around the stage, singing :

We are the sons of the Great Quackqua,
Great Quackqua ! Greak Quackqua,
From the crooks of the Poles to the realms of the Shah,
Realms of the Shah ! Realms of the Shah !
Tiralira-la-la !

No man man can stand up who shall say us nay,
Or put his proboscis across our way ;
For with book and with bell,
And a mighty ground swell,
On his head and his heels
And his cups and his meals,
With terrific *eclat* !
We shall open the seals
And launch the anathema,
Ha-hah !

We shall open the seals,
And launch the anathema !

The noise of the riot increases, and the bell tolls more rapidly and loudly.

PSYC. QQ. Now, for the tiger's spring ! "The bell invites us." If we are dead, then, indeed, shall all the dead languages support us. Mass your Latin noun substantives into solid columns. Let the Greek verbs be deployed, as light skirmishers, at the front. The Arabic to the cavalry and the commissary wagons ; and, if the worse comes to the worst, we hold the Hebrew and the Sanscrit, indefinitely, in reserve. Preserve your wigs ! (*They snatch off their wigs, and exhibit their bald heads.*) Sophocles to the rescue ! Anthropolos and a thrust ! Euripides and a rush !

[*Exeunt Qs., in mock-tragic manner, waving their wigs.*]

PRIS. (*to the Little Fathers and Mothers*). And now, dear little parents, that they have gone on this perilous enterprise, won't you leave us in possession of the drawing-room, for a half hour or so, to console one another by comparing our rings, talking over the prospects of our European tour, and telling love-secrets generally ?

GIRLS. Oh, yes, do ! That's a dear ! It would be so nice to be just by ourselves, and frolic a little while !

LITTLE FATHERS AND MOTHERS (*speaking together, solemnly*). You are obedient children, in sore affliction, and need all the comfort which can be derived from inspecting diamond rings and the discussion of anticipated travel. We shall, therefore, go—leaving our blessing behind us !

[*Exeunt Little Fathers and Mothers, waltzing.*]

The noise of the riot and tolling of the bell still continue.

PRIS. Now, girls, the coast is clear. Let us watch at the window, to see when the light goes out ! (*They go to the casement in the rear, and watch the College window, the noise of rioting and sound of bells increasing.*) There !—no—I was mistaken. (*The light is extinguished in the College window.*)

GIRLS (*together*). There it goes—at last!

The sounds of rioting and bells cease, and the girls rush about the stage, embracing one another in great excitement and delight.

PRIS. Our boys have done it! The old bears are frozen in.

FIRST GIRL. After being cajoled!

SECOND GIRL. And the diamonds and bridal dresses, along with the supper, safe and secure!

PRIS. Yes, and the boys will be here, with the notary and the contracts, in an instant, when we shall put on the blessed estate of matrimony, without the blessing. (*Looking towards the side*) I hear them coming! Yes, those are they, and that's the minister of the law, as Edwin calls him, marching in front of them.

GRAND MARCH. *Enter FLIPPERTY FLIP, holding twelve documents, with broad seals and streaming ribbons attached to them, followed by a small boy, comically dressed, rolling a hand-barrow, wherein is an enormous law-book, stamped, in large letters, "Amended Code of Civil Procedure," and behind them, EDWIN and eleven other youths, all in party costume. They rush to the girls, who receive them with effusion and cries of delight.*

EDW. (*to PRISCILLA*). Didn't we do it grandly?

PRIS. Yes, you are the very king of trumps.

EDW. But no time is to be lost. Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to you the unconsecrated secular priest who is to immolate us on the altar of Hymen,—my esteemed and distinguished friend, FLIPPERTY FLIP, Esquire.

F. FLIP (*bowing to the company, advances and sings :*)

I'm a notary public and legal practitioner
A ward politician and special commissioner,
The toast of the Press, which, by special desire,
Still parades me as FLIPPERTY FLIP, Esquire!
I brandish, at circuit, the shares of the Fates
And march at the head of the seals of the States:
I stir up the blood in my party's dissensions,

And wreck the resolves of its County Conventions :
 By taxable motions my cases are crost,
 Which cumber the record to fatten the cost ;
 And, though dark be the way, and disastrous the load,
 I know every twist of that popular Code ;
 And no enemy foils me but presently feels
 That I grease all the wheels of the Court of Appeals !
 That I grease all the wheels of the Court of Appeals !
 That I grease all the wheels of the Court of Appeals !

Then come, pretty maids, with your grooms, in a line,
 Without blotting or crease,
 Each contract divine to ensealingly sign,
 At a shilling apiece !
 At a shilling apiece !
 At a shilling apiece !

GIRLS (*taking shillings out of their purses and singing in chorus*) :

Such contracts divine we should willingly sign,
 At a shilling a line !
 At a shilling a line !
 At a shilling a line !

They march up with their grooms, in solemn procession, to the table on which the contracts have been deposited, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," being played on the organ, and, laying down their shillings, severally sign the same.

F. FLIP (*to EDWIN*). I have a pressing engagement, my dear fellow, and you must excuse my farther attendance on these pleasing festivities.

EDW. Oh, certainly.

F. FLIP. One word : I noticed a bulldog in the front yard as we came in. He smelt me suspiciously and seemed to have criminal intentions. Personally, I have no fear of such animals, though they endanger coats, and tailors are extortionate. My only anxiety is, for that precious volume (*pointing to the Code*). It would never do that the prophesies of its enemies should,

through me, be accidentally verified, and that it should go to the dogs, with all its accumulated and invaluable alterations, innovations and annotations.

EDW. The dog's all right Mr. Flip. I had him chained the moment I saw he was loose.

F. FLIP. That's very comforting; and I thank you both for myself and that luminously voluminous repertory of organized chaos and revolutionary skill. (*Bowing, and addressing company.*) Friends, I offer you my notarial, professional, political and, if I may be allowed the expression, my connubial congratulations and adieux. (*Aside.*) They can take the racket when the old boys find it out!

Exit FLIPPERTY FLIP, slowly and solemnly, with an expression of abstracted thought, followed by the BOY, with the barrow, to the sound of melo dramatic music.

EDW. (*to PRISCILLA*). Now, dearly beloved, I think the best thing we can do, before the governors come in, on this critically happy occasion, is to sing our own epithalamium. You can aid me, and the others will join in the chorus.

FIRST BOY. But what are we to do when they come?

EDW. Bother their coming? Priscilla and the girls know all about it. I'll tell you when we are through the song. (*Sings.*)

Oh! the rapture o'er me stealing,
Spangled depths of Heaven revealing!

PRIS. And the seignors, grave and hoary,
Cooped up in second story!

BOTH. Oh! such trances that we feel,
All things whirling round a wheel,
Save a form with snowy trails,
Silver-winged on balmy gales,

ALL. Fair as dreams,
Fair as dreams,
Crescent-lighted down the vales!

EDW. Oh! the tender, gleaming glances,

And bewitching half-advances !

PRIS. Oh ! the doubters, tript and slipping
Twixt the cupping and the lipping !

BOTH. It is Love unfolding here
Flowering myrtles to the air ;
And their presence which inspires
Such enrapturing desires
As suffuse,
As suffuse

Choired and fired Seraphic lyres !

EDW. That's clever and refreshing ; and now, to business !
My plan's that we shall darken this room : you (*to the girls*) put
down your veils, and represent spirits, while we (*to the boys*),
with the masks on, which we used this evening—you have
them, haven't you ?

BOYS. Yes, yes !

EDW. Shall personate mediums. It will surprise, if it does
not scare them, and give their ardor time to cool. There, draw
out the table. Turn down the light very low,—so, that's right.
Now, girls, pull down your veils, and stand in a row, on one
side, with Priscilla in front. And you, boys, put on your masks,
and stand on the other, behind me. Exactly. This is lovely !
Now, we are ready for them ; and I think I hear—yes, I hear
their footsteps in the hall.

Enter PSYCHOLOGICAL AND OTHER QQs., in mortar-caps and professorial gowns, carryiug dim Chinese lanterns. They enter stealthily, and with suspicious circumspection, forming a line behind the table, with the PSYCHOLOGICAL QQ. in advance.

PSYC. QQ. (*raising his lantern*). Hah ! what new deviltry is
this ? (*To the girls.*) Who are you ?

GIRLS. (*speaking together in a sepulchral voice*). Materialized
spirits !

PSYC. QQ. (*to the boys*). And who are you ?

BOYS (*together in same tone as girls.*) Mediums, who commu-
nicate, through them, with the Heavenly spheres !

PSYC. QQ. What are you all doing here ?

BOYS AND GIRLS (*together*). Haunted house!

PSYC. QQ. (*to the other QQS.*) Let us test the spirits. (*To the Mediums.*) If these are spirits of light, why do they exhibit in the dark?

BOYS (*together*). Sore eyes!

PSYC. QQ. Do they speak from themselves, or are they inspired by a higher power?

BOYS (*together*). Higher power!

PSYC. QQ. Who is he?

BOYS (*together*). You shall hear. (*Raps are heard in the direction of the table.*)

PSYC. QQ. What does that mean?

GIRLS (*together*). The spirit of William Shakespeare is present.

PSYC. QQ. Why, that's monotonous! He's always turning up; and seems to be as fond of tables as if he had been a cabinet-maker.

GIRLS (*together*). The spirit is displeased with that sarcastic remark.

PSYC. QQ. Well, I beg his pardon. Please to ask him what has brought us here.

GIRLS (*together*). Little game!

PSYC. QQ. The deuce, it is! Then our dark suspicions are true; and this riot was all——

GIRLS (*together*). A farce!

PSYC. QQ. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" Then, it is our flesh and blood—our ungrateful children, who have played us this vile trick: taken our brides and substituted veiled and questionable goblins in their places. May the wretches be forever mocked and reviled by their own progeny, that

"They may know

How sharper than a serpent's *child* it is,

To have a thankless *tooth*!"

GIRLS (*together*). The spirit says, that last observation is not original, but was stolen from him, and spoilt in the stealing.

PSYC. QQ. Then Horace was right—cursed be they who have said our sayings before us! One word more: what has

been done by these ingrates?

GIRLS (*together*). They have married your promised brides.

PSYC. QQ. Hah! Have they ventured to make game of the Patriarchs? How dared they do it?

GIRLS (*together*). Because they were promised to them before.

PSYC. QQ. Where's the proof? They couldn't get a clergyman.

GIRLS (*together*). Civil contracts, now produced for your inspection. (*PRISCILLA holds them out from under the folds of her dress, where they had been hidden, and PSYCHOLOGICAL QQ. takes them.*)

PSYC. QQ. (*after reading and showing other QQS.*) We are, indeed, utterly outwitted. But, how about the diamond rings?

GIRLS (*together, and loudly*). It is certain that *they* are not going to be returned!

The BOYS and GIRLS throw off their masks and veils, and the light is suddenly turned on.

PSYC. QQ. Ah, vipers! do you dare to brave the lions in their own drawing-room?

EDW. We do, father.

PSYC. QQ. What have you to say, sir?

EDW. This. You are instructors of youth and teachers of public morality. In a set of resolutions which you recently passed, and of which this is the original writing, you affirm as follows. (*reads*): "*Resolved*, That what is called the Golden Rule has, so far as known, never prevailed among his aforesaid ancestry of any kind (meaning monkeys); but, on the contrary, the wiser one: every monkey, first and last, entirely and under all circumstances for himself; and we are thereby authorized to infer, that the mysterious and, as yet, undiscovered animal before mentioned, invariably did the same thing." You have given us the precept. Behold, the example!

PRIS. But there is something besides. You solemnly assured us that you were childless widowers, when, in fact, you had grown sons; and the whole contract was vitiated by the false representation.

PSYC. QQ. (*to the other Qqs.*) Well, there's some truth in all that. What do you say—shall we forgive them?

Qqs. Yes! yes! yes!

The GIRLS and BOYS form in the centre. The Qqs. march around them singing.

Oh! it is hard when an ancient has tenderly
Caught to his bosom a vision so slenderly,
Thus to be dropt in the gutter surprisingly,
And to be splashed with mud!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

The sorrowful Slaves of the Lamp!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

The sorrowful Slaves of the Lamp!

Then Qqs. form in the center, and boys and girls march around them, singing:

They have been cheated by children undutiful,
And overmatched in their love of the beautiful;
And though the dads are exceedingly sorrowful,
Still they should not complain!

Sing! sing! sing!

The jubilant Slaves of the Ring!

Sing! sing! sing!

The jubilant Slaves of the Ring!

PRIS. (*to Qqs.*) Aye, but we are not through with you, yet! We said we would turn you to roosters.

(Groans from the Qqs.)

PSYC. QQ. We cry your mercy, fair lady! Science has no arms against the sorcery of your sex.

PRIS. Well, you are jolly old cocks after all; and the literal fact seems to obviate the interposition of art. But still, I can only forego the transformation on one condition.

Qqs. Speak! What is it?

PRIS. Oh, something unexactly mild. Simply that you will unite in the chorus to a song which I now propose to sing, in celebration of the happy termination of these extraordinary nuptials.

Qqs. We promise ! we promise !

Enter LITTLE FATHERS AND MOTHERS.]

LITTLE FATHERS AND MOTHERS. What is this ?

PRIS. We have married the sons, with the consent of the fathers—that's all. A fair exchange and no robbery.

PRIS. SINGS.

When all the planets, at midnight, are wondering,
 Up in their beamy beats of blue,
 Why the policemen are busily blundering,
 What they have got to do ;
 And tipsy buds of the revel are tasselling,
 Tresses bedecked with flashing dew,
 Roosters are heard, in the midst of the wassailing,
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Very distant.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! Cooka-ra-coo, coo, coo ! (*Nearer.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Still nearer.*)
 C—o—o ! (*Long and loud.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Loud and many crowing.*)

When early hucksters to market are traveling,
 Moving their produce, old and new ;
 And little piemen are drowsily babbling,
 Something that's good for you ;
 Then, in the midst of the ringing and rumbling,
 Over the cart-wheels wabbling through,
 Roosters awakened, are graciously grumbling,
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Very distant.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Nearer.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Still nearer.*)
 C—o—o ! (*Long and loud.*)
 Cooka-ra-coo—coo, coo ! (*Loud and many crowing.*)

They all dance, the Qqs. farcically convulsed in their violent attempts at crowing. CURTAIN falls.

THE END.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 403 A

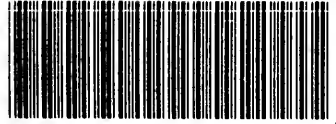
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 403 A

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 403 A